

The



TATLER

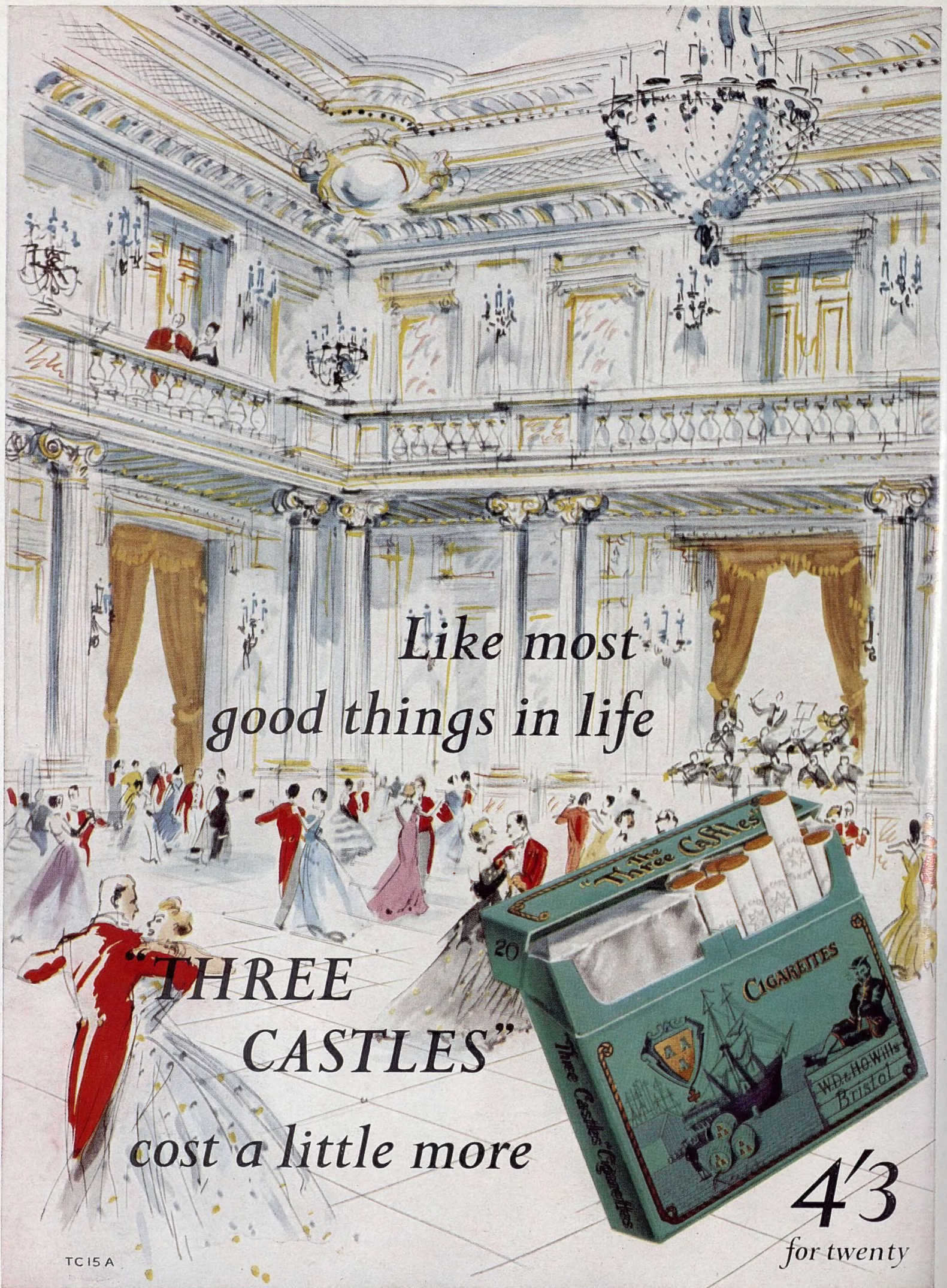
& BYSTANDER

AUGUST 21, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MISS MARY HAYS



*Like most
good things in life*

**“THREE
CASTLES”**
cost a little more



4'3
for twenty



MISS MARY HAYS is the daughter of Mrs. Robert Ropner, of Camphill, Bedale, Yorkshire. She made her debut this year and shared a coming-out dance with Miss Christabel Carlisle at the Hurlingham Club on May 13. Miss Hays finished her studies at Monfertile School in Switzerland, and speaks French very fluently. She is very fond of horses and her favourite sports are ski-ing, tennis, fishing and swimming

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 21 to August 28

Aug. 21 (Wed.) Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society's Summer Show (two days), at St. Helier.

Racing at York (Ebor Handicap) and Salisbury; steeplechasing, Devon and Exeter Meeting.

Aug. 22 (Thu.) Cricket: Fifth Test Match, England v. West Indies (and 23rd, 24th, 26th, 27th), at the Oval; M.C.C. v. Ireland (two days), at Lord's.

Racing at York and Salisbury; steeplechasing, Devon and Exeter Meeting.

Aug. 23 (Fri.) Athletics: International Match, Great Britain v. Russia (two days), at the White City. Ponies of Britain Club Annual Summer Show (two days), Royal Ascot Racecourse.

Lawn Tennis: Ireland v. England (two days), at Ballycastle, Co. Down.

Dance: Mrs. O. R. Bagot for Miss Priscilla Bagot, at Levens Hall, Westmorland.

Racing at Newmarket and Lingfield Park.

Aug. 24 (Sat.) Sailing: Centenary Regatta—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club, Bridlington Week (to 31st), Bridlington Bay, Yorkshire; Totnes Regatta, Totnes, Devon.

Dance: Mrs. Michael Oldfield for Miss Caroline Oldfield, at Gateways, Harewood, Yorkshire.

Racing at Newmarket, Lingfield Park, Ripon, Worcester and Deauville.

Aug. 25 (Sun.) Racing at Deauville.

Oulton Regatta Week (to 31st), Oulton Broad, Suffolk.

Aug. 26 (Mon.) Lawn Tennis: Open Tennis Tournament (to 31st), Budleigh Salterton, Devon; Cumberland Lawn Tennis Association Annual Tournament (to 31st), Edenside, Carlisle.

Dinghies: Burton Week (to 31st), at Falmouth. Racing at Folkestone and Worcester.

Aug. 27 (Tue.) Golf: Irish Amateur Open Championship (to 31st), Royal Portrush, Co. Antrim.

Racing at Folkestone.

Aug. 28 (Wed.) Cricket: Kent v. West Indies (to 30th), at Canterbury.

National and Television Exhibition (to September 7), at Earls Court.

Aldershot Horse Show (to 31st), Rushmoor Arena, Aldershot.

Racing at Brighton and Catterick Bridge.



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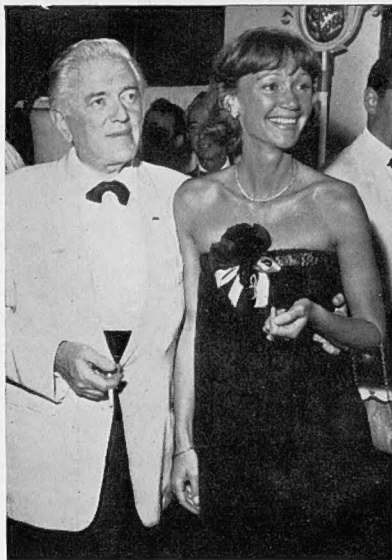
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Fair winds for yachtsmen at Cowes

COWES REGATTA, the peak of the year for many sailing enthusiasts, is summed up in this photograph of Brig. O. L. Prior-Palmer's Sagacious, seen heeling over gracefully in the

breeze while competing in the Handicap Race for Cruising Yachts of Class III. Brig. Prior-Palmer lives at West Broyle House, Chichester. More pictures of Cowes Week on pages 334-5



Mr. Anatole Litvak and Mrs. Litvak



Mrs. S. Petit and Mr. Charles Clore



Miss Florence Harcourt-Smith and Mr. A. Branca



Princess Violet of Montenegro, Archduke Otto of Austria



Count Zeilern and Mme. Cino del Duca



Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor and Mr. Denis Mountain

Miss Judy Gilson, Baron William de Gelsey and the Hon. Mrs. Harry Cubitt

Miss Susan Fitzroy sitting with Mr. John Butler



THE BAL DE LA MER, the most magnificent ball to be held during the year on the French Riviera, took place at the Summer Sporting Club in Monte Carlo recently. Over a thousand guests were present, and after dinner they were entertained by an international cabaret containing stars such as Tony Martin, Ella Fitzgerald and Cyd Charisse. The magnificent decor by M. Andre Levasseur transformed the dance-floor restaurant into a garden fantasy. The ball ended with a firework display over the sea. Above: Guests watching the ballet in the cabaret



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and
Bystander,
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Mrs. John Vaughan sitting at table with Mr. Peter Butler



H.E. II Hamyd Pasha, with Mrs. Gould on his left at dinner

Mr. Aristotle Onassis in conversation with Mme. Hartir

Desmond O'Neill

A SPARKLING OCCASION AT MONTE CARLO

Mlle. Claude Bouvier, Mrs. Stewart Savill and Mr. Dick Savill



AT HOME IN TIPPERARY

DIANA HALLOWES is the younger daughter of Col. J. W. Hallowes, who was formerly in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and Mrs. Hallowes, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Douglas. The Hallowes live in Co. Tipperary



Godfrey Cake

Social Journal

Jennifer

RENDEZVOUS AT MONTE CARLO



Betty Swaeb

MISS FLAVIA STAMPA is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stampa, of Nantyderry, Monmouthshire; she was presented in April this year and is now working in Oxford

AT Goodwood friends were saying goodbye to each other until the autumn. London emptied, with so many residents going away on holiday, although they were succeeded, of course, by a great number of visitors from overseas. After leaving Goodwood, the Queen and Prince Philip visited the Boy Scout Jamboree in Warwickshire, and a few days later Her Majesty went up by train to Balmoral accompanied by Princess Anne, where they will enjoy their usual family holiday and entertain a few friends for shooting during late August and September. The Queen was joined a few days later at Balmoral by Prince Philip, who had gone to Cowes Regatta in the Britannia accompanied by Prince Charles and young Prince Michael of Kent, who is very keen on the sea. Later Prince Michael was going abroad with the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret have also gone to join the Royal party in Scotland, the Queen Mother first visiting her Castle of Mey.

After Goodwood, I flew down to Nice in the cool of the evening, an exceptionally comfortable and easy flight by Air France. I was on my way to Monte Carlo, and found it was full of charm and very gay, and next morning bathed in sunshine. This fairytale corner of the coast has become the most fashionable rendezvous of all visitors to the Riviera, and somehow has managed to remain much more exclusive than most resorts. Each morning when visitors gather on the point to swim and have an aperitif at the Club de la Vigie after sunbathing in their cabanas (the number of these has been increased this year) they find friends from other parts of the coast who come in their motor yachts or fast motor boats to bathe off the point, and lunch probably at the restaurant beside the pool, if not on board. In the evening, too, people come in from villas around, sometimes miles away, not only to gamble, but often to dine and dance, as there is a good choice of delightful places to patronize besides the Summer Sporting Club. Favourite among these is the Sea Club (Plage de Larvotto), overlooking the sea in romantic surroundings, with a good dance band and Vicky Autier who sings and plays nightly during dinner.

My stay was only two days, the primary object of my journey being to attend the annual Fourth of August Gala at the Monte Carlo Summer Sporting Club named "Bal de la Mer," in aid of L'Union National des Polios de France et de L'Union Française. This was under the patronage of M. Coty, the President of France. M. André Maroselli, Minister of Health in the French Government, was president of the ball, which last year made the equivalent of £25,000 for the Polio Fund, and this year it was hoped to do even better. I have been to a

number of galas in many parts of the world, but I still think that Monte Carlo can stage a gala better than any other place in Europe. The organizers had very sensibly limited the number of tickets to one thousand, which prevented overcrowding. The Summer Sporting Club with its spacious open-air restaurant overlooking the sea (this time with a moon in the sky), and the cleverly lit glass dance floor, is a perfect setting for such an occasion, with the very soignée and chic women wearing their loveliest dresses and beautiful jewels, and most of their escorts in cool-looking white dinner jackets. Incidentally, the Sporting Club open-air restaurant is open every night during the season for dinner and dancing to excellent dance bands.

For each gala, infinite care is taken over every detail, the décor, the lighting, the cabaret and the dinner. The décor, done by André Levasseur, was superb. The theme was romantic: "A Young Girl's Dream." The painted white scenery, covered in many places by greenery, pastel roses, lilies and sweet-scented tuberose, was broken up by long embroidered white muslin curtains, fluttering from window frames, with a forget-me-not background depicting, I believe, the outside of an old castle. White peacocks, white doves and other white birds perched about the place in a most lifelike manner. There was even a gramophone playing bird calls as guests entered, just to make it more interesting!

THE cabaret, for which the artists all gave their services for the charity, included the beautifully dressed Ballet du Sporting Club, who danced a version of a young girl's dream of her first ball. Then followed several stars including Tony Martin, who won all the women's hearts, Ella Fitzgerald, the very clever Charlivels who played and danced, and that great favourite Jack Benny who, although not on the programme, being in the audience kindly came on the stage and gave a most amusing turn. Cyd Charisse was also there and helped in the draw for the lottery prizes, which included a Simca car and some lovely pieces of jewellery from Van Cleef and Arpels. M. Broc, one of the most efficient organizers of a gastronomic function in the world, was there to supervise the superb dinner and excellent service, which is never easy with such a great number dining almost simultaneously. After the cabaret there was a brilliant firework display over the sea, then some of the guests who did not want to stay on and dance (it was now 1.45 a.m.) made their way into the Summer Casino, with its large windows open over the sea, to try their luck.

Among the guests enjoying this very unique and elegant evening were M. and Mme. André Maroselli (he is, as I mentioned before, Minister of Health in the French Government). They had among their guests the Minister for State for Monaco and Mme. Henry Soum, M. Jacques Perier, the Under-Secretary for State, the Préfet des Alpes Maritimes and Mme. Pierre-Jean Moatti, and several other ministers, including M. Paul Noghes and his wife. Mr. Onassis, who in the past three years has done so much to revive Monte Carlo, and make it again the very gay, unique and glamorous principality it was in Edwardian days, but with every modern comfort, and without losing any of its old-fashioned Ruritanian charm, was present at the Gala with Mrs. Onassis. She was looking very beautiful with her fair hair dressed high and wearing a dress of pale blue organza with a tiny white dot, and beautiful jewels.

They had a big party at three tables. Among their guests being Mrs. Onassis's pretty sister Mrs. Stavro Niarchos with Mr. Niarchos, the Comte de Vogüé and his very attractive wife who was in an exquisitely

[Continued overleaf]



Van Hallan

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS' BALL

THE ANNUAL BALL of the Catholic Public Schools was held at the Dorchester this year. The guests included Mr. Peter Morel, Downside, Miss Nadine Morel, Miss Sally Anne Egan and Mr. Barry Dinan, Downside (above)



Miss Geraldine Addiscott and
Mr. Justin Fryer



Miss Betty Eyston with Mr.
Ronald Gurney



Miss Jane Neill accompanied by
Mr. Cas Verbeek



Miss Serena Burr and Mr. Roderick
de Courcy-Ireland



Miss Jennifer Wilson, Miss Jacque-
line Roberts and Mr. Peter Wardle



LONDON CARAVAN DANCE

TWO DEBUTANTES, Miss Margot Maxwell and Miss Heather McMullen (above), are seen beside a caravan that formed part of the decor at their dance which took place at the Hyde Park Hotel

Mr. Tim Morris and Miss Annabel Ley on the stairs

Miss Honor Durose and Mr. David Dickinson



Miss Sarah Bowater and Mr. Hugh Pitman

Miss Mary Hays dancing with Mr. Michael Wigram

Desmond O'Neill

gauged deep blue chiffon dress, American Mrs. Winston who had come over from her villa at Cap Ferrat and looked exceptionally chic wearing a long cerise satin coat over a beautifully cut white grosgrain dress, Comte and Comtesse Brandolini, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Ribes, Mme. Herrera looking quite lovely wearing a beautifully embroidered and beaded short white evening dress and lovely jewels, and the Marquis Nunziante, Signor Umberto Agnelli, Comtesse Bunny Esterhazy, who looked sweet in red, and Dona Meralda Caraciola.

The Archduke and Archduchess Otto of Austria, Princess Violet of Montenegro (whom I noticed looking very chic as she left the Hotel de Paris), Comte and Comtesse de Paris, Comte and Comtesse Seilern-Aspang, Mrs. Florence Gould, and Comte and Comtesse de Willenich were in a party with His Excellency Ilhamy Hussein Pasha. At another table M. Jacques Lefevre, who had also worked hard for the success of the gala, was host to the attractive Princess Maria-Christine de Bourbon-Bavière, Prince Fernando de Bourbon-Bavière, Comte de Casteja, Mlle. Maria-Vittoria Collonna, and Mlle. Patricia Collonna, Mr. Philippe Bouvard and several others.

Among English guests I saw Sir Simon and Lady Marks who had just returned from a cruise to Sicily, and Sir Archibald and Lady McIndoe, the latter in a striking red faille dress. They were all the guests of American Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kahn. The Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry were in a party including Sir Brian and Lady Mountain and their younger son Nicholas—Lady Mountain looking very chic—while Mr. and Mrs. Frere, their son Toby who is at Dartmouth, and daughter Elizabeth came over from their little villa at Cap Ferrat, where they are neighbours of Mr. Somerset Maugham, were all guests in another party. Among others present were those well-known Monte Carlo personalities General and Mme. Polovtsoff, Mr. and Mrs. Malvin from New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rae from Philadelphia. I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch who have a succession of friends to stay at their fine Villa Leonina at Beaulieu, Mrs. Elise Hunt over from Antibes, Mr. and Mrs. Shepridge and Mr. and Mrs. John Pochna, who came over from Villa Iris at Villefranche and brought Mrs. Bey who had stayed especially to see this brilliant gala. Directly it ended she left to board a special plane at Nice at 5 a.m. to fly to catch the S.S. Independence, one of the ships of her line at Gibraltar.

BEFORE the gala, I went to a delightful cocktail party which Mr. and Mrs. Onassis gave in their fine yacht Christina. Inside, this is one of the most beautiful floating homes in the world, and has been constructed, decorated and furnished with exquisite taste throughout. With the soft lighting of the rooms, the blue mosaic swimming pool, with its spray lit in colour, as guests assembled on deck it was a truly bewitching setting for the start of a very glamorous evening. From what I heard in the short time I was down on the Côte d'Azur, hotels and villas were full for the season, and again many people had decided to spend their holiday in the sunshine beside the blue Mediterranean. I called in on my way to Cannes to see Signor Gianni Agnelli and his charming and very attractive wife who have one of the most beautiful villas in the South of France, La Leopolda at Beaulieu-sur-Mer, with an enormous patio which has the most superb view over the Mediterranean. They also have their own swimming pool into which Signor Agnelli insists on having salt put each day so that it resembles the sea! The firm of Janssen of Paris has done much of the décor of this really beautiful home, but Signora Agnelli, who has wonderful taste, has also done a great deal herself. They had given an evening party the previous week which I was told was not only most enjoyable, but done with tremendous charm and elegance.

When I arrived it was a gay scene on the patio, as about thirty friends were enjoying coffee and most of the women were wearing original and beautiful Italian play suits. Signora Agnelli and her husband, who has great industrial interests all over the world, were off the following week on a business trip to Kenya, Tanganyika and Ghana.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland just left a villa they had rented at Cap Ferrat from the Countess of Kenmare, who had a house full of friends at her lovely Villa Fiorentina at Cap Ferrat, the Hon. Langton Iliffe and his lovely French-born wife were at his father's Villa Egerton at Roquebrune, Viscount Furness had taken a villa near Antibes and had Mr. John and the Hon. Mrs. Partridge among his young guests.

I lunched with Viscount and Viscountess Bridport at the charming Villa la Poleyd at San Remo where, with their son and heir the Hon. Alexander Hood, they have been staying with the Marquess Rolandi Ricci and bathing from their cabana on the beach at Monte Carlo each day. Alexander, who was in and out of the sea and pool frequently, was learning to dive.

I had an iced orange pressé on my way through Cannes with Sir Evelyn and Lady Broughton and Major Stanley Cayzer, who were just leaving for England. We were joined by Col. and Mrs. Jimmy Ford who were spending a few weeks at the villa he and his sister have recently inherited near Antibes from their brother. At Antibes Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman had just arrived down to one of their villas at La Garoupe, Les Tourelles, and were already having several of their very amusing and delightful luncheon parties. On my way back to Monte Carlo I dined at St. Jean Cap Ferrat with Mrs. Frederick

Sigrist on the patio of the charming villa she has rented there for four months this summer. She has had a succession of friends staying with her quietly, and when I was there her house guests were the Earl of Dundonald, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, and Sir Bede Clifford who is always so amusing with his many reminiscences.

Others I met during my brief stay included Mr. Harold Christie who I had also met at Goodwood a couple of days before with the Earl of Feversham, Capt. Ali Mackintosh, Comte and Comtesse Fregonniere, Capt. Cavenagh-Mainwaring, our naval attaché in Paris, with his wife and young son—they had been lent a villa in Monte Carlo for August—Mr. George Emmannel and his attractive American wife who has a lovely figure and was one of the few women present able to wear a bikini with grace, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Salter who were spending their honeymoon here.

★ ★ ★

I FLEW to Dublin for two days of that great and unique spectacle, the Dublin Horse Show. The vast verdant green-turfed jumping enclosure, bordered with flower beds, and dotted with numerous jumps including two Irish banks, is a sight that everyone should see—so it is not surprising that spectators do come from all over the world, and I know never fail to enjoy Dublin show week. The show was superbly run; Mr. Bernard Kelly was President this year. The leading personality whose great drive for perfection has done so much towards the success of the show for many years is Judge Wylie, chairman of the R.D.S. Council's executive committee. Helping also are Professor Felix Hackett, Brig. E. T. Boylan, Maj.-Gen. F. M. Moore, who always has the big parade ready on time, and Mr. John Wylie who does such great work over the microphone. There were over eleven hundred horses and ponies exhibited and one famous judge told me they were, all round, much better than those shown for many years. There were competitors from seven countries competing in the jumping events. The highlight of these being the International Team Jumping for the Aga Khan challenge trophy, which was won this year by the French team.

Once again Mr. Nat Galway-Greer of Dunboyne, Co. Meath, produced the champion hunter—Work of Art, a six-year-old brown gelding who is a beautiful mover and an outstanding horse. I hope we shall soon see him winning at our shows as he was bought during the week by Mr. Hugh Sumner. Mr. Galway-Greer also owned the reserve champion hunter Royal Tartan which I did not like so much; this one he sold to go to Portugal. The hunter judges included Lord Irwin, Major Peter Borwick and Mr. Herbert Sutton, while Lady Violet Vernon and Mrs. J. M. Gibson judged the ladies' hunters. The ladies' hunter championship was won by Mr. C. McCartan's O'Malley's Fango, who had already won the ladies' lightweight class, the reserve champion was Mr. John O'Driscoll's Spark, winner of the heavyweight class. Riding in these two classes I saw the Hon. Mrs. James Baird, Mrs. Michael Beaumont, M.F.H., Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Burke on her own six-year-old, Look Out Point, who won a lightweight hunter class, and Mrs. William Hanson. Riding in the other classes, mostly among the prizewinners, I saw Miss Ailsa Smith Maxwell, who rides so well and always looks so neat, the Hon. Diana Connolly-Carew, Mrs. John Alexander, Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, and Lady Perdita Blackwood. It was very exciting to see two of our young

[Continued overleaf]



A DANCE AT COWES

THE SWALLOW CLASS dance was held on board s.s. Balmoral at Cowes. Guests included Miss P. Stansbie, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Anderson, Miss June Kershaw, Mr. M. Corkery and Mr. Tod Inglis



Capt. O. N. Bailey and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Blake

Mrs. Ian Butler, Mr. Trevor Glanville and Mr. Ian Butler



Miss Penelope Wykeham with Mr. Simon Preston



Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay and Miss Jane Brooke



Mr. N. Ellam, Miss J. Hill, Mr. S. Jardine, Mr. D. May, Miss R. Broom, Miss J. Ord Mackenzie and Mr. A. Jardine

A. V. Swabe



THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

THE BEST RIDERS and finest horses from Ireland, the British Isles and many other countries flocked to Dublin for the five-day Horse Show at Ballsbridge. Left: Riders in the side-saddle event parading before the judges.

riders, eighteen-year-old Miss Jean Harper competing for the first time in an International competition, and twenty-eight year old Mr. John Walmsley, both on novice horses, Rosalyn and Gilpin, competing so successfully. They beat such famous crack riders as the Italian Piero d'Inzeo, German Hans-Gunter Winkler, American Warren Wofford, French de Fombell, and many others including the British team Captain, Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, and shared with the French rider, Capt. Guy Lefrant, the first prize (after each jumping five clear rounds), in the International Epreuve de Puissance, for which there were thirty-five entries.

AMONG the big number attending the Horse Show, the nearby blood-stock sales, or the evening race meeting at Phoenix Park, were the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquess and Marchioness of Kildare who I saw lunching in the show pavilion, Lord and Lady Carew, Viscount Powerscourt and Lord Rathdonnell who, like Lord Kildare and Lord Carew, are stewards of the show, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter looking very chic in a biscuit-coloured wild silk suit and emerald green hat (they were looking for a pony for their daughter, the Hon. Susan Verney). Their son and heir, the Hon. David Verney, was also at the show—he is taking an equitation course at Col. Hume-Dudgeon's equitation school. Others included Mr. and Mrs. Marshall from Edmonton, Canada, Lord and Lady Inchquin, Col. John Nelson who was playing polo each evening in the Richmond team, his daughter Jennifer, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy and their son Donough, the Hon. Mrs. Langrishe, the Earl and Countess of Yarborough talking to Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, and Mr. Basil Harvey, Mrs. W. H. E. Welman who won the Grand National in 1955 with Quare Times, her niece Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, Maj.-Gen. David and Lady Katherine Dawnay, Lord Daresbury, Lady Dill and Mr. C. C. Auchinloss from New York with his daughter Mrs. Auchinloss-Betner, who is Master of the Pickering Hunt near Philadelphia, and his granddaughter Cynthia, who were all lunching with Mrs. Boylan and her son Capt. Eddy Boylan. Also Viscountess Bury who won the hack championship, Mrs. Tom Page, the Duchesse de Brissac over from France with her daughter Elie and her sons the Marquis de Brissac and the Comte de Brissac, Major and Mrs. Roly Byers, and their attractive daughter Mary-Elise, who has just begun to play polo, Lord Stavordale with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby, Capt. and Mrs. Darby Rogers, Col. George Drummond, Baron and Baroness de Roebeck who, like Lord and Lady Mount Charles, were sitting in the President's

box, the latter very attractive in a pale mauve ensemble, Sir Ivone and Lady Kirkpatrick who now live in Ireland, Sir Alfred and Lady Beit, Sir Jocelyn Lucas with Lt.-Col. the Hon. Herbrand Alexander, Brig. and Mrs. Dominick Browne, Victoria Lady de Freyne and her brother Sir Lauriston Arnott entertaining a big number of friends to watch the racing in their box at Phoenix Park, and Mr. and Mrs. Stux-Rybar who brought members of their house party from Luttrellstown, including Lord and Lady Bruntisfield and Count John de Bendor and his lovely wife. There were a great number of young people, many of them from England for Show Week. Besides those I have already mentioned, I saw Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, Lady Anne Nevill, Miss Sonia Pilkington, Miss Virginia Llewellyn, Miss Frances Boylan, Mr. Julian Watson and Miss Penelope Ansley and her sister Jacqueline.

DURING Horse Show Week, there were a succession of hunt balls held either at the Gresham Hotel or the new ballroom at the Shelbourne Hotel, including the Tipperary, the Galway Blazers, the Meath and the Louth Hunt Ball which is usually the best of the week. On the Saturday night preceding the show, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wachiman gave what everyone told me was a wonderful dance at Rathscar, Dunleer, Sir Desmond and Lady Cochrane, Sir Charles and Lady Birkin and Sir Edmond and Lady Hodson jointly gave another very good party at the Cochrane's home Woodbrook in Co. Wicklow on the Thursday of Show Week, and I heard that Sir Alfred and Lady Beit were also going to give a party at their superb home Russborough, at the end of the week. There were cocktail parties at one or other of the Embassies each evening, and Mrs. Edge gave a very big and enjoyable cocktail party at Marley Grange on the Wednesday evening. Mr. George Ansley and his attractive French-born wife gave a succession of fork luncheon and dinner parties at their enchanting apartment in Pembroke Road. The guests, the evening I was there, who were going on to the Meath Hunt Ball and a private dance, numbered about twenty and included the French Ambassador and Mme. de Blesson, the latter in a heavily beaded coffee-coloured satin dress, the Italian Duca and Duchessa del Balzo who were over from Naples, the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett, the latter very attractive in a short beaded white satin dress (her hostess was also in white—a short white lace dress with a superb diamond necklace and bracelet), and the Conte and Contessa Luling who have a lovely home near Venice. He is Master of the Milan Hunt, and they came to the show for the first time, partly because he wanted to buy a good hunter, a mission that he happily fulfilled.



Mrs. J. M. Gibson and Lady Violet Vernon

Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn and the Marquis Lorenzo Medici

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Mrs. Phoebe Carson won the Challenge Trophy for ladies' hunters on O'Malley Tango



Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke with their daughter the Hon. Susan Verney

Lt.-Col. Arthur Bellingham and Countess Marie Schonwaloff

Mrs. Whitely and Mr. Timothy Whitely, from Northamptonshire



The Duchesse de Brissac with her two sons, the Marquis de Brissac and Comte de Brissac, from France



Col. J. G. Wordsworth with Miss Mary Purdon Coote



Mrs. Waring Willis with Mrs. Langely Ellis



Miss Clare Bradley with Lady Perdita Blackwood, daughter of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava

C. C. Fennell



Regency Brighton

ELIZABETH WALL, having examined the Regency Exhibition, 1957, recalls her childhood's pleasure that Regency Brighton gave her. She illustrates her article

WEIGHTIER considerations for the moment aside, what a beguiling plea for prettiness the Royal Pavilion at Brighton represents, and if one is armed, how completely disarming is this fairy palace of childhood's visits.

To run one's adult eye along this lovely façade is to confirm the childhood conviction that royal palaces should always look at least something like this, and one's 1957 town eye is surprised at the mellow restfulness of such a complication of design and ornament. Inside, here is complete pleasure—a feast for the eye calling for not one compulsory backward glance at the historic story, but live enough for the compulsion to come later. And a lively story it is indeed.

Far more than loving care has gone to the illusion of life about this house. The long windows are open to green lawns and a flash of flowers, and the white curtains flutter in a breeze from the sea. And the little posy of fresh roses by Princess Charlotte's fourposter is the perfect touch to induce in one's mind a gentle ghost. Clifford Musgrave, the Royal Pavilion's director, has done wonders here. The Palace Pavilion is presented, with its decorations amazingly restored, and with appropriate Regency Period furn-



ings, as a past royal residence and a work of art, and the result is wholly delightful. No museum, but a house that calls out to be lived in and enjoyed.

The Regency age extends from the days of Hepplewhite and Adam to the threshold of the Victorian era, and comprises a bewildering multiplicity of styles, from the most restrained to the joyously fanciful. The return, in 1956 and 1957, of much of the original furniture of the Royal Pavilion, on permanent loan to the Queen, has been greatly instrumental in restoring the State and Private Apartments to their former glory.

The Chinese taste, of all the exotic fashions, was the one then met with the widest acceptance, and the Prince Regent introduced into the Pavilion furniture of bamboo and lacquer from China, and chinoiserie pieces of English design and manufacture. Porcelain pagodas of six stories, the enchanting wall decorations of rocks, trees, shrubs and birds in pale blue on a background of peach blossom colour—seemingly ten thousand tiny blossoms, a splendid chandelier in the form of a water lily, and Chinese lanterns in profusion, are evidence of this fashion.

In essence, there is no jumble, of either colour or form, but a remarkable harmony that could well inspire a sharply defined new fashion. To furnish one's cornices with strings of little bells, and ramping golden dragons of exquisite design could please.

The astonishing Great Kitchen, with its lantern roof supported by tall palm trees of iron, with leaves of sheet bronze, is a separate wonderland, with the ingenious mechanisms for turning spits, the spits themselves, and fine bronze smoke canopies above the ranges. And Clifford Musgrave's collection of fake food is as real and royal as can be.

For several years a splendid collection of vases, of Sèvres, Berlin, Vienna and Russian porcelain, which were acquired by the second and third Marquesses of Londonderry, mostly as presentations during the course of their diplomatic careers, has been shown at the Pavilion. The addition of the Londonderry silver, with the superb plate set out in the Banqueting Hall to reproduce as nearly as possible the scene of a banquet of King George IV, makes an awe-inspiring spectacle. The most interesting of the smaller articles in this collection is a magnificent inkstand of solid gold, made from the gold of souvenir snuff boxes presented to Lord Castlereagh by the sovereigns of sixteen nations of Europe, upon the signing of the Treaties of Vienna of 1813, 1814 and 1815.



Roundabout

ENCOURAGING BABEL

Peter Dickinson

PHILOSOPHERS are always lashing into what they call "the human situation," but being philosophers they don't try to do anything about it. They're too smart for that. They know that anybody who tries to get anything done is going to make himself appear ridiculous, though perhaps not quite as ridiculous as anybody who tries to stop anything being done. No doubt the committee in Harrogate who decided to make a local rose-garden blossom as the wilderness by turning it into a car-park had their reasons. Anyway they must have been much comforted by thinking of the absurd figure that anyone who tried to stop them was going to cut.

This danger seems to have been ignored by the Office of the French Vocabulary, who have sent out a manifesto to prominent writers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, diplomatists and so on. The Office is concerned to stop them (and, as far as one can make out, anyone else) from continuing to corrupt the French Language with English words like "Football" and "Shopping" and "Week-end." They are not, of course, trying to stop people indulging in the things themselves (what, I wonder, would English life consist of without them?), but if they get their way tourists in a couple of summers may expect to see groups of disgruntled Frenchmen muttering to each other in corners sentences like "*Les gangsters sont planning un hold-up à mon bungalow ce weekend*," not because it's true but merely to show their independence.

English is just as beset with French importations but we don't let them worry us. We are much more likely to grow querulous, like Mr. Eliot, about the way our words

"slip, slide, perish,
Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
Will not stay still."

One puts a word down for a moment and when one comes to pick it up again it means something quite different. "Festive" and "Festival" are good examples; harmless words both, they used to be; and now suddenly each, in its own way, evokes a slight feeling of goose-flesh. The meaning is still there but the warmth has gone, as with one of those electric fires one finds in hotels whose actual heating element has been switched off while its prized "log-fire effect" is allowed to flicker monotonously on.

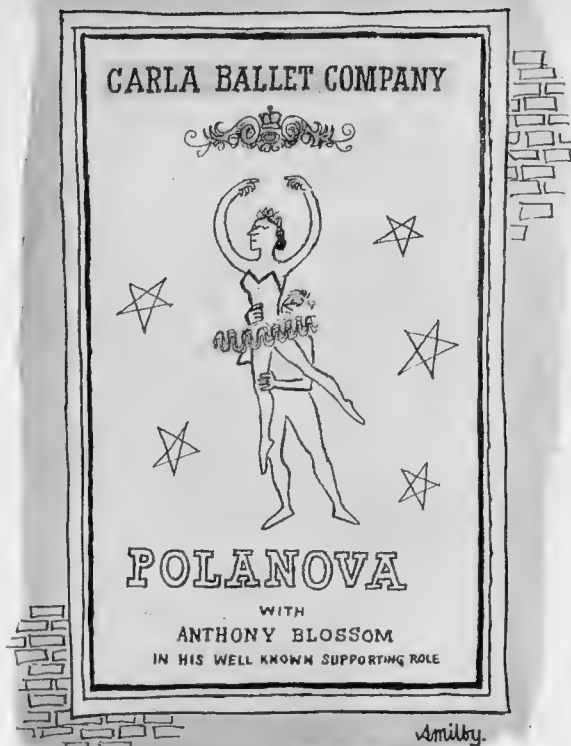
"FESTIVE" has been in a bad way for some time (uncles in paper hats, overfed children and a smell of burnt brandy), but the decline of "Festival" is largely postwar work. What have the following in common: Edinburgh, Bayreuth, Bath, that place on the East Coast, Cheltenham, Chaltenham (Lord help us!) again, and Britain?* I'm not, incidentally, cheating about Britain. Once a century may seem harmless but you can't count on it. The Roman Secular Games were only supposed to happen every 120 years, but each succeeding emperor managed to prove that his predecessor had counted wrong, and held them again. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that Commodus did so twice; he had a passion for shooting ostriches.

What is really needed is a Festival of Festivals, set in some cultural wilderness whither we could all throng and sit on chairs set too close together to listen to five-hundred-year-old plays acted in a dialect whose main ingredient is a guttural moan. The scenery would be uncompromising. Every now and then a modern shawm concerto would be performed. It would probably rain a great deal but the Festival would not be without profit, from the point of view of the local merchants. As a matter of

* Answer: Culture, crowds, concerts, critics and the most extraordinary acoustics.



ALBERTO PORTILLA, a star dancer of the Ballet Espanol de Pilar Lopez, is seen making one of his spectacular leaps over Nana Lorca. The Spanish ballet company is holding a four-week season at the Palace Theatre. This is the fourth season of the company in London



FÊTE

Yul Brynner himself
 (So one supposes!)
 Couldn't sell d'oyleys
 Or egg-cosies.
 Buyers of barbola
 Or mats in raffia
 Need, at the very least,
 Coercion by Mafia. . . .
 But mild village ladies
 Secure passers-by,
 Wash their brains neatly
 And hang them to dry.

—Lorna Wood

fact no sensible reformer is going to try to stop us holding Festivals; they seem to satisfy some deep-seated primitive urge and also keep a lot of women off the grouse-moors.

But if there were any such attempt there would almost certainly spring up some Society for the Preservation of Festivals as Part of our Cultural Heritage.

★ ★ ★

HERE I would like to draw its attention and that of anyone else who is interested in preserving things—language, literature, landscape or anything except fruit—to the opening sentences of a recent London Transport poster: “In London’s country there are still many villages, described in Domesday, whose beauty survives. Here cottages crowd round the green or follow the line of the road as casually as trees. The Londoner should often see these places as an antidote to his crowded streets.” The vision of 8,346,137 Londoners heading out to Holmbury St. Mary to get away from each other sums up much of the Preservation Problem. Oxygen and people, causing rust and use, are the two great corrupters of the *status quo*. On the moon there is neither; all is “in a perfect state of preservation”; the dust lies where it settled before Dido burned in Carthage.

THERE is another thing to which I would like to draw attention; in fact, as it concerns aspects of language, festivals and the preservation of the countryside, I can see no way of keeping it

out of this column. It happened at, or rather didn’t happen at, an Eisteddfod.

I HAVE already suggested that it would be wide-eyed innocence to expect that sort of Festival to be actually festive, but a little spontaneity ought not to be frowned on, might even be welcome if it didn’t interfere with the parking arrangements. (Nothing, naturally, quite as spontaneous as the Festival of the Fescennia, all of whose participants, audience included, were expected to help the party go with an extempore spate of outrageous obscenity. That would not be in keeping with the solemnity of the Eisteddfod, for one thing, though it might prove a popular draw.)

20,000 WELSHMEN THREATEN TO WALK OUT OF EISTEDDFOD

said the papers, and my heart warmed towards them. And it seemed like a return to the Age of Gold (or at least of Reason) when I learnt that their motive was that a Minister of the Crown proposed to address them in Welsh. I was only slightly dashed when, on reading farther, I found that they could have endured that but had, in fact, been enraged by this Minister’s permitting a Welsh valley to be filled up and used as a reservoir for Liverpool (it may be a more sensible objection but it’s less heroic). Finally I saw that we were back where we started, as the 20,000 had been organized by an expatriate Celt from the New World to march out singing “Men Of Harlech,” thus making their apparently spontaneous protest just another Festival of Popular Music, only on the move.



BRIGGS



by Graham



The Cathedrale de Sainte Cecile dominating Albi and the Tarn Valley

ALBI

*AUDREY VIVIAN DAVIS
visited this town where
Toulouse-Lautrec spent his
early years. She describes
the town's art collection
and its fine architecture*

AT the age of three, Toulouse-Lautrec insisted on signing the register at his brother's christening.

"But you can't write," his parents protested.

"Eh bien," he said. "I will draw an ox."

Toulouse-Lautrec could certainly draw before he was out of his cradle; and visitors to the Art Gallery in the Palais de la Berbie at Albi, his native town, can trace the development of his work from childhood to his triumphs in Paris. There on the walls of the former Bishop's Palace above the River Tarn hangs a man's whole life—his victory over illness and despair, his honesty, his searching eye and, above all, his compassion.

He was no poor artist starving in a garret; he was a proud descendant of the Counts of Toulouse and he painted with the drive and authority of a man used to being obeyed. A cripple himself, he drew figures in violent action. Dwarfed and ugly, in his art he was a perfectionist.

There are six hundred pictures: posters that have never been equalled, painted in his own flat linear style; portraits of acquaintances in all classes of society from the aristocracy to the dregs of Montmartre. You see his mother playing the piano, Mme. Poupoule at her mirror. You meet "Chocolate," the Negro dancer, women in feather boas and plumed hats. Perhaps the most characteristic is "In The Drawing Room," showing a number of women resting on dark rose-red plush sofas.

LOVERS of art will be interested, too, in the large collection of modern masters, including works by Degas, Utrillo, Bonnard and Matisse. This summer until the end of September there is an additional exhibition of water colours by Albert Marquet.

Close to the palace stands the Cathédrale de Sainte Cécile, huge and menacing, a stronghold rather than a place of worship, its windows set high, its walls unassailable. The entrance is on the south side, reached by a flight of steps leading up to a magnificent baldachin or open porch in pale carved stone, dramatically effective against the severe purplish-red brick. It was added in 1380 to lighten the forbidding aspect of the exterior.

Inside, the cathedral is equally astonishing. There are no aisles,



The church of Saint Michel on the Tarn at Gaillac



The baldaquin added to Albi's cathedral

A. V. Davis

no transepts, merely one immense hall, not gloomy and austere but ablaze with colour. Every inch of wall surface is covered with paintings carried out by a small army of Italian artists. The vaulted ceiling dazzles with its golden brightness. In the chapels, New Testament figures stand out against gold and azure.

EXTENDING right across the nave, "The Last Judgment" portrays the joys of Paradise and the fate awaiting those guilty of the seven deadly sins. It is painted straight on to the brick on a background of vivid green.

But the frescoes in Sainte Cécile are not its chief glory. The great rood screen is considered to be the finest in all France, elaborately carved in the same flamboyant style as the baldaquin. You could spend days studying the detail, noting the intricate interlacing of the foliage, the snails crawling under the vine leaves, the monkeys picking the grapes.

It is adorned with polychrome statues in realistic attitudes by sculptors of the Burgundian school. The figures wear the garb of the sixteenth century and their faces are modelled in the likenesses of long dead townsfolk. Isaiah is a dear old man in a Renaissance hat, David a graceful young French boy; but Judith outshines them all, no saint but a naughty slant-eyed miss in a jewelled cap and tight bodice.

In their English travel brochures, the French call Albi a "suggestive" place. By this they mean that it evokes the spirit of the past. And as you wander in its streets of ancient rose-red houses the present seems far away.

You can dine on the terrace of the Grand Hôtel du Vigan and look down upon a milling throng in the Lists below—for people still stroll in *Les Lices* as they have done for centuries. I even saw a circus clown walking on stilts. He came over to the terrace and someone gave him a glass of Gaillac.

A stay in Albi can be combined very conveniently with a few days in the town of Castres on the River Agout south of the Tarn. In the Hôtel de Ville designed by Mansard there is a fine Spanish art collection which includes a portrait of Philip IV by Velasquez.

Castres, with its old houses of painted wood reflected in the

dark waters of the river, is a good centre for exploring the Sidobre, a granite plateau strewn with white rocks, a wild region of monstrous "balancing" boulders which defy the law of equilibrium, of deep ravines and gaping fissures in the earth's crust.

Several old towns can be visited: Brassac and Lavour on the Agout . . . Lacaune with its fourteenth-century fountain as celebrated locally as the mannikin at Brussels . . . Mazamet from which you can tour the lakes and forests of the Montagne Noire—or play golf at the Club de la Barouge.

WEST of Albi there is good fishing in the Tarn at the Renaissance town of Gaillac, and after coming up from the river you can sit under the arcades in the Place Thiers with a bottle of sparkling white Comte de Noblet. Farther down the Tarn at Montauban is a large collection of superb portraits and drawings by Ingres, suave yet penetrating, as well as many rather ludicrous compositions of nudes. The artist's reputation might stand higher had he been less preoccupied with turkish baths and harems.

South-west of Gaillac you reach the great city of Toulouse, its weathered bricks as red as those of Albi. The permanent art collection in the fourteenth-century Convent of the Augustines contains pictures by Rubens, Delacroix, Murillo, Poussin, Vuillard, Berthe Morisot, the woman Impressionist, and Toulouse-Lautrec. Until the end of September, the work of François Desnoyers is temporarily on display. In Toulouse another form of art can be enjoyed in the lovely courtyard of the Renaissance Hôtel d'Assezat where the history of the city is told in a *son et lumière* performance.

Upstream from Albi, the famous Gorges of the Tarn can be reached most easily from Millau, a glovemaking town which utilizes the lambskins from the offspring of Roquefort sheep. From Millau a road follows the river (through the canyons) for about eighty kilometres before branching south to Florac.

On a summer night when the gorges are floodlit and classical music plays, a boat trip from St. Enimie under the towering cliffs is a memorable experience; and it is even better in the golden stillness of a hot autumn afternoon.

Priscilla in Paris

AU BORD DE LA MER

IT was so hot on the morning I had decided to leave Paris that I postponed the five hundred kilometre run down to the west coast till the evening. It was perfect weather for an all-night drive. An exquisite crescent moon hung gently in the sky casting no awkward shadows for the headlights to destroy. Like M. Bourges-Maunoury, at a certain fashionable plage a little while ago, I arrived in time for an early morning dip but, unlike our tennis-man Premier, I did not remain on the beach all the morning and lunch off half a pound of shrimps! Whether His Excellency was giving us an example of the austerity we ought to practise or whether he was following his fondness for shallow-sea fish one is not quite sure.

In point of fact I enjoyed shrimps for lunch myself that day but they garnished the luscious sauce of a dish of *filets de soles* that was served, with everything it takes, in a pleasant little hotel at St. Brevin l'Océan. This is on a stretch of coast that reminds me of Le Touquet when that resort was very young and far more Paris-plage than Touquet!

After an agreeable siesta in the pine woods I continued my way to Mindin where an overworked and overcrowded ferry-boat takes one across the estuary of the Loire to St. Nazaire and La Baule. The ramp going down to the ferry was rather steep. My poor little Elegant Elizabeth was following an American car with stout brakes and being followed by an over-full excursion car that, apparently, had none at all. However, we kept our distances—more or less—and survived. The crossing only lasts a few minutes and, with just a modicum of ladylike “hogging,” I managed to be first off the boat.

ST. NAZAIRE seemed to be an immense dockyard in which I immediately lost myself. The roads that were not “up” were all “one way” and their way was not mine, but suddenly, rid of the water-front and some neat but dreary suburbs, I found myself facing a wide, but arid, open space. It was studded with low buildings and strange forms of insect life that looked like giant grasshoppers in a static condition. At closer quarters this turned out to be the Montoir airport next door to Gron where the tarmac was being busily watered pending the arrival of a British plane bearing the emblem of the Eagle Airways. A few moments later to my astonishment I was being greeted with the very friends with whom I was expecting to take tea at La Baule that same afternoon. We greeted each other with the restrained effusiveness that is kept for Abroad, and I was thanked for having taken the trouble to meet them. They will never know—unless they read this—that it was by the merest fluke that I turned right at St. Nazaire instead of left!

La Baule is a sophisticated edition of the Island that I call “mine” but that I never name. It has the same fine-sanded beach, but while the Island offers many different bays and creeks La Baule stretches with one lengthy, curving sweep, some four or five kilometres long, backed not with bathing machines but lined with luxury hotels. There is also a casino that presents all that it takes if one wants to burn the candle at both ends. On the Island we have little more than a taper to light up and one end suffices!

The few days I spent there I had the quite stirring pleasure of meeting Harry Pilcer whom I had not seen since the far-away days when he danced in Paris with the lovely Gaby Delys in a *revue* at the Marigny Theatre. Such a long, long time ago and he has changed so little. He is as light on his feet as ever and has lost nothing of his charm when guiding a shy *débutante*'s first steps (or a dowager's nearly last ones) on the dancing floor.

Tous comforts

- Speaking of ———? “He was the sort of man who wore spurs on his bedroom slippers and medals on his pyjamas!”



MAURICE CHEVALIER, a father in “Love In The Afternoon,” now plays uncle to Leslie Caron in “Gigi”; with him filming on location is four-year-old Patricia Renaud



“Depuis quelque temps mon mari
pretend être un cheval”



Mrs. John P. S. Mackenzie, who has many friends in England, with Mr. Jay Robert Paul



A VISIT TO MONTREAL

REPRESENTING The TATLER, Mr. F. J. Goodman went to Montreal to photograph visitors and inhabitants in this gay and cosmopolitan city. Above: Wing Commander and Mrs. Paddy Stephenson at their home in Mount Pleasant Avenue

Mr. Renault St. Laurent and Countess Francesco de Rege-Thesauro on board the luxury liner S.S. Homeric



Col. Alex Parker and Viscountess Hardinge

The Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Hardinge and Mr. Michel Taschereau

Mr. Umberto Nordio, from Italy, in conversation with the Hon. Gay Hardinge



RELIGIOUS DOUBTS AT THE ROYAL COURT



"HOW CAN WE SAVE FATHER?" (Royal Court Theatre). The searchlight of the Sloane Square theatre sweeps on apace in its lighting up of religious problems of today. The vicar (John Phillips, above second right), losing faith, has tried to hang himself. His wife (Susan Richmond, right) and son (Robert Stephens, centre) argue with him but he is finally reconverted by the psychiatrist (John Moffatt). Below: the protagonists in the midst of the crucial argument. Drawings by Glan Williams

IT seems to be in the nature of things that theatrical movements that get anywhere at all get somewhere they had no intention of getting. The movement that started at the Royal Court Theatre a couple of years ago is a case in point.

Some people attribute the dearth of good new English plays to the unfriendly relations between literary and dramatic writing chaps. The English Stage Company, under the command of Mr. George Devine, took possession of the Sloane Square theatre with the object of easing these relations. They were to lure literary chaps into the theatre and teach them the ropes. If more novelists and more poets were to bring their special gifts into the theatre of the professional playwrights the result would be a new drama, alive, intelligent and stimulatingly contemporary. And those whom the prospect most excited were the older and more sophisticated playgoers. They allowed themselves to hope that novelists and poets, given special encouragement, might introduce a more adult note into modern playwriting.

The Court Theatre experiment has had remarkable success, but hardly on the expected lines. It has done little to bridge the gap between the literary and theatrical worlds. The plays by novelists and poets produced have been the sort of plays that novelists and poets are all too apt to write—plays with plenty of ideas, too much talk and a lamentably weak sense of the theatre.

THEY have simply shown once more that "having something to say" and the gift of words to say it go for nothing if the writer will not take the trouble to learn the rules (they are, according to Mr. Terence Rattigan, quite simple to learn) without which it is not possible to write an actable play. Yet with a record of really rather bad new English plays the Court nevertheless has succeeded in putting Sloane Square on the map again. It has caught the ear of the new playgoing generation. This it has done, not by patching up the long-standing quarrel between novelists and the stage, but by finding in Mr. John Osborne an actor-dramatist whose *Look Back In Anger* attracted attention less by its dramatic merits than by the representative character of its hero. Apparently what makes Jimmy Porter a truly contemporary and therefore a sympathetic figure is that he is a young man who makes the life around him a small hell by always having a good grumble when what he needs is a good cry. There is undoubtedly something about this nagging young man which audiences recognize as giving him some vital connection with the social system, for the play is about to be revived for the second time.

But the success of the Court Theatre rests, I think, on a rather broader basis than the appeal of one play. This theatre is coming to be regarded as a protest against middle-aged attitudes of not quite knowing whether to approve or disapprove, to like or dislike, to be amused or bored, and of mistaking this tepidity of mind for liberal virtue.

ONE remedy proposed for use by the younger generation is a certain brutality of approach, a course of shock-treatment. There is something to be said for this remedy, but too often, as in Mr. Nigel Dennis's *The Making Of Moo*, it comes to no more than the muddling of an admirable satirized idea with schoolboy mockery of the rites of religion.

The latest instance of this false shock is *How Can We Save Father?* A country vicar, horrified by the atomic age, goes off his head in Mr. Oliver Marlow Wilkinson's one-acter, tries to hang himself but finds the technical difficulties too much for him and is coaxed back into a re-affirmation of Christian faith. The coaxers are his wife and children, representing order and different modern disciplines such as medicine, sociology and art, and a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist brings off the trick by ministering histrionically to the delusion. By outdoing the madman in madness he restores him to sanity, at some risk of losing his own mental balance. But the jest lacks intellectual fibre. And it is through this lack, not through its bold mockery of religiosity, that the piece becomes embarrassing. If the Court Theatre is to keep in a position to ruffle the sensibilities of the middle-aged it must see to it that its shocks really do shock.





BOLSHOI BALLET

RIASSA STRUCHKOVA and Alexander Lapauri are seen dancing in "Walpurgisnacht," from Gounod's *Faust*. This forms part of *The Bolshoi Ballet*, a film directed by Paul Czinner and released by J. Arthur Rank. Galina Ulanova is among its stars. It is being shown for the first time at the Edinburgh Film Festival



Lt.-Col. Denison
Patrick Eggar



AT COWES

THE SOLENT has over the years been the playground and testing ground for many yachtsmen and their craft, ranging from near-liners to robust though fragile-seeming Fireflies, particularly during the Cowes Regatta. Above: the 5.5-metre class, racing with spinnakers set



Mr. James Starkie, Miss Angela Thorp and Miss Priscilla Starkie



Mr. Basil Bicknell, Mr. John Marshall, Mr. Robert Massey, Mr. C. Larcom, Mrs. Larcom

Mrs. Betty Moore in her yacht Why assisted by Miss Pat Miller-Jones

Mr. Geoffrey Glanville, Miss Gillian Few-Brown and Mr. Trevor Glanville

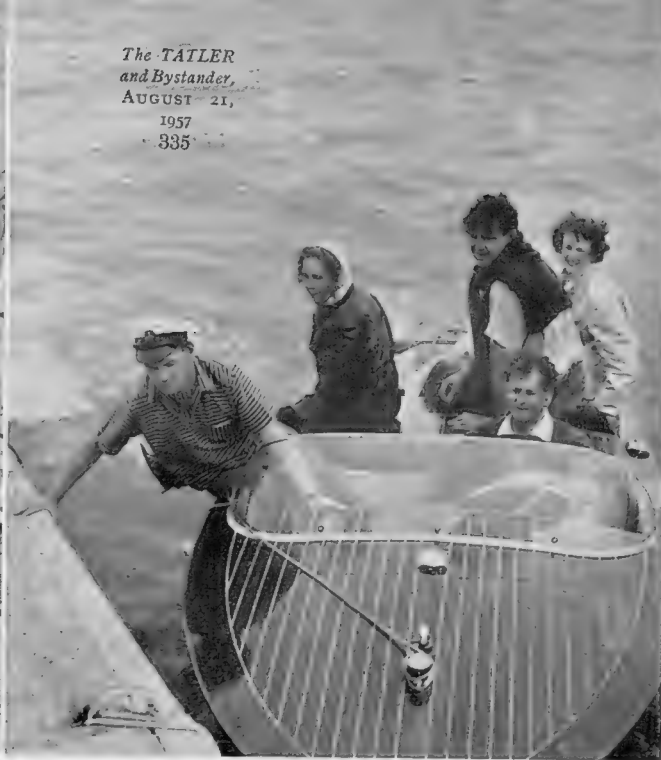




Ilawkesworth, R.N., Mr.
and Col. R. P. Kilkelly



Miss Santa Raymond and Mr. Rodney
Carritt return from sailing in Thurne



Mr. G. D. Miller, Mrs. H. Minchin, Dr. A. B.
Oliveria, Mrs. Oliveria and Mr. J. A. Caulcutt

With sunshine patterning their wind-filled spinnakers, yachts of the 12-metre class head homewards



At the Pictures

BLUDGEONINGS OF FATE

THE name of M. Louis de Funes may be new to you—the face you will find familiar. He has played small parts in, it seems to me, scores of French films—was last seen in *La Loi des Rues* as a diminutive dog-stealer who found himself stuck with an outsize Great Dane at a time when he couldn't afford to feed anything larger than a chihuahua. However small his rôle, this dear little deadpan comedian made it one to remember. Now, at last, he has achieved stardom—in *A Hair In The Soup*, directed by M. Maurice Regamey.

Why this somewhat sickening title was chosen I do not know: "A Fly in the Amber" or "A Nigger in the Woodpile" would have done just as well and been less off-putting. But ignore the title and see this jolly comedy for the sake of M. de Funes—who is still, though on a larger scale, the endearing victim of ironic circumstance.

As an unsuccessful composer, crossed in love, M. de Funes attempts suicide. It is just his luck that when he throws himself into the Seine there is a girl—the enchanting Mlle. Noelle Adam—struggling in the water and screaming for help. He rescues her. Dispirited at being a failure even as a suicide, M. de Funes makes for Montmartre in search of a killer to end his life for him.

A reputable assassin refuses to do the job at the modest price M. de Funes can afford to pay: his union is against cut rates. A fiery Corsican whom M. de Funes hopefully insults regards him as too insignificant to be worthy of his stiletto. It is a great relief to M. de Funes when a loutish young man named Amedée (M. Jacques Jouanneau) volunteers to bump him off for thirty thousand francs: stipulating only that the deed be done unexpectedly, M. de Funes presses the money upon him and goes home to bed.

He wakes to find himself famous. Mlle. Adam is a cabaret singer, the story of her rescue by "the popular composer" has made the headlines, and the pair of them are signed up as television stars. M. de Funes is delighted with life—but terrified that Amedée will one day carry out his part of their bargain.

Amedée is no killer—he is merely a bank clerk who needed money to make up a deficit in his till, and, after a run of luck at the races, he decides to repay M. de Funes. Now that the little man is rich and a celebrity, the reputable assassin is ready to do business with him and the fiery Corsican to avenge the insult put upon him. These three converge upon the night club where Mlle. Adam and M. de Funes are appearing—and the panic they cause sweeps the film to a slapstick ending as hilarious as any I've seen.

I AM very fond of Miss Anna Neagle, who in real life is a charmingly natural and exceedingly kind person, but I found her performance as matron of a children's hospital in *No Time For Tears* somewhat hard to take. So full of sweetness and light, so ineffably understanding with the nurses, so patient and playful with the tots—she is just too good to be true: were I one of her little charges I'd soon be biting the hand that patted me and drinking a toast "to crime" in my cod liver oil.

The film, directed by Mr. Cyril Frankel, is otherwise a pleasing and, at times, touching account of hospital happenings. Miss Sylvia Syms, a romantic young nurse, falls in love with a philandering anaesthetist, Mr. George Baker (a bit of a cad, for once)—and is brought to her senses by two practical and cheerful doctors, Miss Daphne Anderson and Mr. Alan White, an interesting Australian newcomer to films.

A teenage girl, Miss Judith Stott—of whom one hopes to see more—is cured of a club-foot: a blind little diabetic boy, Master Jonathan Ley, recovers his sight. There are beautiful performances from Miss Rosalie Crutchley, who acts with her eyes only as a masked sister in the operating theatre, Miss Flora Robson as a weary ward-sister, and Mr. Michael Hordern as a cynical surgeon. I think you will find it worth a visit.

Because I never saw Miss Vesta Tilley, "the first male



PAT KIRKWOOD, whose long-legged charm and vivacious singing have assured her success in musical comedy, cabaret, and on television, portrays Vesta Tilley, "the first male impersonator," in *After The Ball*



LOUIS DE FUNES and Noelle Adam (above) find failure and despair turn into overnight success in *A Hair In The Soup*, a French comedy of the first water. "Moustache" (below) in the film's hilarious climax





FILMING IN VIET-NAM

GIORGIA MOLL has just returned from Viet-Nam where she has been filming in Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*. Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz discovered her in Rome where she has returned to complete the film. Also starring in the production are Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave and Claude Dauphin

Bob Landry

impersonator," I cannot say how closely Miss Pat Kirkwood resembles her in *After The Ball*. Miss Kirkwood, at any rate, has a most agreeable personality: she creates the impression of an ambitious, hard-working trouper, she wears male attire with immense élan, and puts over the old music-hall numbers with verve and style. Hers is an excellent performance.

On the other hand, the performance of Mr. Laurence Harvey as Mr. (later Sir) Walter de Frece, Miss Tilley's husband, is nothing short of atrocious. Under that jutting penthouse of hair to which he is so unaccountably attached, he is one mass of affectations and mannerisms, false smiles and meaningless gestures. Mr. Compton Bennett, a director whom I admire, is possibly too gentle a man to cope with the obstreperous Mr. Harvey—who should have been thrown over a bony knee and severely spanked very early on in the proceedings.

"TIME LOCK," directed by Mr. Gerald Thomas, is a modest little film which manages to whip up a good deal of tension. A six-year-old boy (Master Vincent Winter) is accidentally trapped in the vault of the Crown Bank of Canada at South

York. The door of the vault is operated by a time lock: it cannot be opened for sixty-three hours—by which time the child will almost certainly have died from lack of air.

Mr. Robert Beatty, an expert on vaults, is called in to devise some means of penetrating either the six-inch-thick metal door (which laughs at acetylene torches) or the concrete wall, which is fourteen inches thick, and reinforced with four layers of steel rod mesh. It takes him agonizing hours to do so. A rather exciting picture—but terribly discouraging for the gelignite boys.

Mr. James Stewart plays the accordion and sings a couple of songs in *Night Passage*: this gives the film a certain curiosity value—which is probably a good thing. It is otherwise a pretty ordinary piece. There have been three payroll robberies on the railroad under construction in the Colorado Mountains. Entrusted with the job of outwitting the bandits and getting the money through, Mr. Stewart finds his young brother, Mr. Audie Murphy, is one of the gang. I think you can take it from here—if you feel like taking it at all

—Elsbeth Grant

Book Reviews

INTERLUDE IN PARIS

Elizabeth Bowen

CYNICS say we mortals are truly happy only in looking forward or looking back; in daydream anticipations or glowing memories. They, in fact, would support the Red Queen's dictum—"The rule is: jam yesterday and jam tomorrow, but never jam today." Oriel Malet's **Jam Today** (Gollancz, 15s.) comes out against this, in victorious contradiction. She pictures a living in the moment, and for the moment, which two English girls found infinitely rewarding. She and a friend took off, one winter, for Paris, and there remained for what was in all senses a spell of time, until late summer darkened the chestnuts. Nothing could have been simpler—as she shows it.

The spirit was one of adventure, purely. True, the journey was short, but what lay beyond was unknown. Flavia, the friend, had not been in Paris before, and was adamant in her refusal to speak, understand, or have any truck whatever with the French language. This in spite of the fact that the quarter in which they were living was purely French—the *seizième*, close to the Bois de Boulogne. They had been loaned, by kind friends, a flat in the rue de la Faisanderie, off the avenue Foch.

Many French people find this quarter convenient and pleasant to live in, but it is expensive, and has blocks of exclusive flats with wrought-iron doorways, long streets full of *parfumeries*, and the kind of shop that has one hat on a stand in the window, against velvet curtains on little brass rails. Almost all English and American people despise the *seizième*, and tell you how they prefer their *ateliers* on the other side of the river, but it still remains a pleasant place to live. We were not, however, prepared for the magnificence which greeted us when we pushed open the solid wooden doors of the rue de la Faisanderie, and at first we stood rooted to the threshold with surprise. A great chandelier, like a tree bearing mysterious fruit, blazed down light upon the crimson carpet. A warm scent rose to greet us, that would always be associated with this moment. It was a rich scent of wood fires, old furniture and French cigarettes. . . .

SKILFULLY *Jam Today* captures that particular flavour of the *seizième*—by day, the inscrutable and polite streets; by night, lights twinkling through the trees of the Bois. This book is most refreshingly not Left Bank-ish: lately, it seems to me, we have had a surfeit of *atelier* Paris, from Anglo-Saxons. At the same time, the situation of our two young women made for comedies, which Miss Malet relates—here they were, housekeeping in an expensive quarter on finances more suitable for bohemia; here they abode, in a neighbourhood more than social, to all intents and purposes knowing no one. Letters of introduction from friends in London to the appropriate people to know in Paris had very much added to their luggage, but these they first buried and later burned. With one intimidating family, the de Groschènes, they did make contact (you will enjoy that lunch party). There were also several immortal hours with Yvonne Printemps. Otherwise, their friendships were made by chance.

Ivan (met at an art school), his aunt and his aunt's horse, Mme. Courteville the concierge and her husband, the chemist, "the Beadle," an eloped honeymoon couple, and a frenzying little Scottie called Amber Lily are among the characters moving through *Jam Today*. When the lease of the flat ran out, a move was made to a *pension* in the neighbouring rue Spontini. Here and there, possibly, the more dramatized happenings have a touch of farce: what I like best in this book are its lyrical passages, its gay, delicate evocations of streets, moods, seasons. All Miss Malet's novels have a haunting atmosphere: to this fragment of autobiography she brings the gifted touch. . . . Finally, I consider that *Jam Today* should deal a blow to conventional travel snobbishness. Today, it may seem but a step from London to Paris; it is not, however, a matter of how far you go, but of where, and still more, how. Paris is inexhaustible.



Vivienne

LADY WHEELER, who is, like her husband Sir Mortimer, an expert on archaeology, studied the subject at London University and has taken part in many excavations. She has edited and selected seventeen stories of discovery told in "A Book Of Archaeology" (Cassell, 12s. 6d.)

THE success boy has come in for so much attention that one may tend to forget that he has a sister. Helen Howe's latest novel, **The Success Of Margot Masters** (Macdonald, 15s.), is a reminder that girls no less enter the competitive fray. Nor could the subject be better touched than by the pen of one of



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LINDSAY ROGERS has written of his experiences as a surgeon, fighter and liaison officer with Tito's Yugoslav partisans in his book "Guerilla Surgeon" (Collins, 18s.)

America's wittiest and most pleasingly worldly-wise women novelists. Miss Howe's attitude to her heroine is at once ironic and far-seeing: she takes a shrewd, fair view of this Boston damsel who finally makes the New York headlines and high lights—at considerable cost to others, not to herself. Bland emotional blindness preserves our Maggie from seeing (as the reader is caused to see it) the potential tragedy of her career. Though there does come one painful moment of truth.

Maggie into Margot—the change of names symptomizes the streamlining of personality. Maggie, exuberant daughter of Dr. Frazer, we first meet in bridal white, swishing up the aisle on her way to become Mrs. Dexter Bradfield—"impatient by nature, when she found she had not achieved fame during her first year out of college she decided she might as well get married." One is on her side against her in-laws: as yet one more Bradfield, Maggie finds herself side-tracked—the clan sing glees, gather for homey evenings, frown on the lighting of cigarettes: what avails that they live on the income from their income? Dexter (the only man Maggie never dominates) is something far better than a smug innocent: in fact Maggie blunders—we know it, if she does not—when she shelves the scientist for a best-selling author.

Unhappy Ray Masters, her second mate, proves a one-book man. However, he retains a flair for publicity, and as impresario does not do too badly. Hollywood proves somewhat a dusty answer: our heroine looks to the East again. World War Two sees the emergence of Margot—New York hostess to officers, columnist of "Who's Fun," and finally top ranking television star.

The Success Of Margot Masters is, as a story, admirably constructed. I fancy, however, it will be most remembered on the strength of the various incidents on the route and, still more, as dynamic character-drawing. If you don't know a Margot Masters, you'll shortly meet one. For this type is *not* exclusively transatlantic.

AMERICAN author Laura Beheler's **Paper Dolls** (Peter Davies, 13s. 6d.) is a startling first novel. Subject—inability to grow up, on the part of one Ida Erikson; who, instead, resorts to a dream world peopled by paper dolls. The pathetic if somewhat cretinous only child of a rowdily failing marriage enlarges into a woman who can't adjust: fixations and fantasies beset her.

Raised in a listless small town in a Southern state, twenty-three year old Ida finds herself in New York on a wartime love escapade with Ensign Brady. A vanished musical uncle, a faithless father, a dead dog and a whole host of jibbering paper figures continue to weave around her their devil's dance. . . . Miss Beheler tells the story but too convincingly. I cannot recommend *Paper Dolls* for cosiness, but here is something completely out of the ordinary!



RICHARD MASON, whose sensitively written book "The Wind Cannot Read" was widely acclaimed, has written a new novel, "The World Of Suzie Wong" (Collins, 16s.)

RUBENS'S famous painting, the "Chapeau de Paille," is one of the illustrations to "A Brief History Of The National Gallery," by Michael Levey (Pitkin Pictorials, 2s. 6d.)





Michel Molinare

THE NEW COLLECTIONS of the London designers show the same trends as seen in their Parisian counterparts, but less strongly defined. Above: Hardy Amies' suit in basket weave mixture of grey, green and mauve has a wide collar with soft square revers and a high tie flap; the skirt is slim. The deep beaver cuffs are matched by the fur hat. Right: Michael's

LONDON COLLECTIONS REVIEWED

suit in black woollen boucle material by Ascher has a loose jacket with a wide boat neck with revers encircling the shoulders. The slim skirt has a black satin cocktail top with a bow at the back which is worn outside the jacket collar. Black felt hat by Valerie Brill. Photographed at the British Graphic Art 1957 Exhibition in the St. George's Gallery, Cork St.

Fashions by Vicomtesse d'Orthez





LEFT: This magnificent ball dress by Victor Stiebel is in brown and white printed paper taffeta. The bodice is strapless and the wide crinoline skirt is skilfully sculpted. Worn with it is a flowing cape-coat in lilac-coloured paper taffeta. It has mink-trimmed cuffs

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GRANDE TOILETTE À L'ANGLAISE

BELOW: Also by Victor Stiebel, this evening dress in two toned paper taffeta—orchid shot with grey—is strapless and moulded close to the body. It crosses low on the hips to billow out into a wide, wide skirt. Its crisp fullness emphasized by a deeply gathered sweep at the sides





ALSO from the London Collections comes this evening dress by Victor Stiebel (above). The Empire look with a Goya-esque accent, it has been worked horizontally in two tones of red chiffon. At the back there are two wide flying panels which can be swathed round the shoulders or draped over the head in the sari manner

Under the stars and the bright lights



Michel Molinare

RIGHT: By Ronald Paterson, this evening dress in gathered and draped chiffon has a strapless top and is moulded with Grecian simplicity reminiscent of the First Empire. The bodice is twice belted, and a voluminous train of white faille falls at the back. The coat is in generously cut pink velvet, and tones with the chiffon



LEFT: Ronald Paterson's evening dress in turquoise and white heavy brocade shot with gold has a strapless bodice going into a pointed Elizabethan line at the waist. Unpressed pleats give fulness to the skirt; the bodice is cuffed at the front and moulded into an Empire shelf-line at the back. The car is a Mercedes-Benz 190 S.L. roadster



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

DANCING DESIGNS

FROM Roecliff and Chapman comes a short evening dress and evening coat. The dress in pure silk chiffon, skilfully draped from waist to hem, across the bodice and over the shoulders, comes in fuchsia, cherry, peacock, carbon, black, white and saxe blue, approximately 27 gns. at Nora Bradley, Chelsea, and Daly's of Glasgow. The full-length evening coat in rich lame has three-quarter length cuffed sleeves and a cross-over front tied beneath the bustline with a narrow sash, approx. 36 gns. Richard Bird, Knightsbridge, Whitfields, Northampton



These three long-stemmed full-blown silk roses cost £1 5s. 6d. each and are obtainable from Dickins and Jones

THIS selection of accessories—scarves, ribbons and flowers—forms part of the galaxy of temptingly pretty things to delight the feminine eye now available in London stores.—JEAN CLELAND

Buttons, bows and bibelous



This organza stole comes from France; it is fringed, striped, and dotted with bow-shaped tufts. £3 17s. 6d. It is obtainable from Dickins and Jones, Ltd.



Pure silk Paisley square in ice, red, cream and red, 15s. 11d. approx.; pure silk sporting square, 19s. 11d. approx.; both are obtainable from Thirkell, Ltd.



From a selection of French ribbons at Dickins and Jones, that at the bottom costs 16s. 1d. a yard, the striped one is 5s. 11d., and the narrow one is 11s. 6d. a yard



This delightful Hermes silk scarf from Paris has a charming design of birds of the fields and woods, costs £6 6s. and can be obtained from Woollands, of Knightsbridge



This softly folded black suède bag, which is scalloped in satin, costs £24 5s. and is obtainable from Finnigans of Bond Street

Above right: Two compacts, one with jewelled beetles, and one with enamelled roses and forget-me-nots, in blue, brown and green, £3 16s. each, Marshall and Snelgrove. Below, right: A gold-dipped bracelet with a clip clasp, price £10, Simpson, Piccadilly



Beauty

Winning hands

DURING the party season the limelight falls on hands. In the majority of cases—times being what they are—they have to play a double rôle, changing from the practical to the decorative with lightning rapidity. No mean task.

With this in mind, I have, during my peregrinations round the beauty salons, been asking for tips on how to keep them smooth and well-groomed in spite of whatever tasks they may have to perform behind the scenes. This applies, too, to finger nails, which have a habit of breaking just before a bridge afternoon, or a dinner party. So here, starting with the nails, are some snippets of advice which may come in useful.

If your nails are of the dry brittle kind, that break easily, and tend to split, the very best thing you can do is to give them a castor oil bath several times a week. This is richer and much more nourishing than olive oil, and if done regularly for a time it both strengthens and feeds the roots. Warm the oil by pouring a little into a cup, and standing the cup in a basin of very hot water. Immerse the finger tips, and soak them for about ten minutes, or longer if you can spare the time.

ALWAYS use a "base" under your nail varnish, and apply a protective coat on top, over the varnish. Revlon's "Super-sealer" is excellent for guarding the varnish against chipping. For dryness the Max Factor Nail Oil is better, because it keeps up the good work of nourishing the roots.

If one of your nails starts to split, or gets rough at the tip, do not fiddle with it, as this often ends in a complete break. Carry an emery board in your bag so that you can file any little roughness away immediately. For use in times of emergency, false nails are very helpful. These can be slipped on in a jiffy, and then varnished to match the others. These nails look so natural that no one would detect them. They provide a very useful camouflage until the real nail grows again.

However scrupulously one may clean the nails, they very quickly get grubby during the winter. Some experts on the subject dislike the idea of too much scrubbing with a nail brush, and give an alternative method for cleansing the tips. This is to put a little sponge in hot soapy water, and keep digging the nails well into it. In this way, the soapy foam is squeezed right under the nail and the skin thoroughly softened and cleaned. If a little scrubbing has to be done as well, be sure, say the experts, to use a really first class nail brush with the best quality bristles.

Stains under the nails can be removed by wrapping a wisp of cotton-wool round an orange stick, dipping it into peroxide and running it underneath each nail tip. If you do this *before* using the hot soapy water, you will find it much more effective than doing it afterwards.

SOME hands get rough more easily than others, and this is usually because the skin is dry and sensitive. There are several ways of guarding against this trouble. Use a really good toilet soap. Massage the hands well with a nourishing cream before washing them. Always rinse them in fresh clear water after using detergents. Keep a cream or hand lotion downstairs as well as up, and rub a little in every time after the hands have been in water.

This business of rubbing something softening and soothing into the skin after washing is tremendously important. If you neglect to do so, it is then the hands are apt to chap, especially in winter. When you are going to be out during the day, carry a little cream in your bag. To make this easy, Pacquin's well-known and popular hand cream is now available in a new polythene tube, which they say neither splits nor leaks. The cream is similar to the one in their Red Label jar, which, though non-greasy, is extra lanoline enriched. It is ideal for a dry skin, because it helps to replace the sebum—the natural oil. Don't forget the barrier creams that act like invisible gloves. You can get them for wet and dry work and there is one which acts equally well for both.

—Jean Cleland



Dennis Smith





Ten out of ten
for **Holyrood**

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Miss Elizabeth Anne Gowan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D'O. Gowan, of Eton College, Buckinghamshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. David Walter Rennie Chiesman, son of Dr. W. E. Chiesman, C.B., and Mrs. Chiesman, of Edenbridge, Kent



Miss Kathleen Sally Potts, the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John L. Potts, of Hawthornden, Wilton Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire, is engaged to Mr. David Arthur Lister Smout, second son of Sir Arthur and Lady Smout, of Evesham, Worcestershire



Miss Rowena Jeanne Portal, elder daughter of Sir Francis Portal, Bt., of Burley Wood, Ashe, Basingstoke, and of the late Mrs. Jowena Portal, is to marry Mr. Richard James Livingstone Altham, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Altham, of Kingsmead, Winchester



Miss Carolyn Langworthy Parry, daughter of Rear-Admiral C. R. L. Parry, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Parry, of Oldlands, Ashwood Road, Woking, is engaged to Mr. Brian Beves, the son of the late Mr. Montague H. Beves, and of Mrs. Beves, of Newlands, Tongdean Avenue, Hove, Sussex



Miss Alice Margaret Boyle, only daughter of Dr. W. V. Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, of Nairobi, Kenya, and Tan Cottage, St. Osyth, Essex, is to marry Capt. James Herbert Michael Percival, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Percival, of Middlewich, Cheshire



Miss Belinda Jane Virginia Maclean, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Maclean, of Thurlow Square, S.W.7, is engaged to Mr. Gresham Neilus Vaughan, son of Mr. Malcolm S. Vaughan, M.B.E., of Old Westfield Farm, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire, and of Mrs. E. R. T. Holmes, of Scene Farm, Hythe



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Motoring

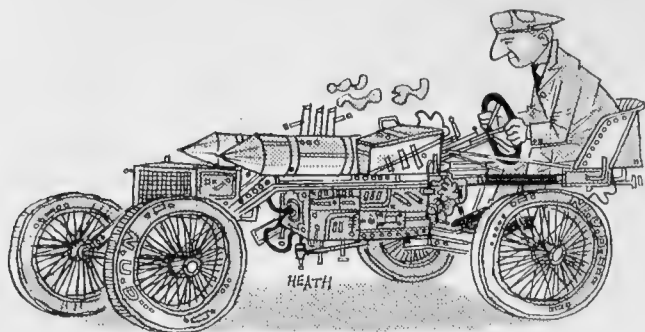
SHOW BUSINESS

SOON we shall be thinking less about motor sport and more about motor shows. The Paris Salon is from October 3 to October 13 and the Earls Court show from October 16 to October 26. But during these periods racing programmes for 1958 will be discussed. Let it be hoped that the rumours that Britain will be less strongly represented in the big international events next year will prove to be incorrect.

It still cheers the heart to recall the Vanwall win at Aintree and it would indeed be sad if, with some of the glittering prizes within reach, Britain were to withdraw from the arena or even to reduce markedly her total effort.

We have learnt that the design and construction of a Grand Prix motor car is an art which is not easily mastered. But the Vanwall shows that it *can* be mastered where there is sufficient drive and sufficient determination. It would be a blow if there were to be a diminution in international interest in either Grand Prix or sports car events next year. Nevertheless, the Mille Miglia discussions, the Monza roundabout event, the activities of the racing drivers' union and certain other things suggest that the more advanced kinds of motor sport are going through a testing period.

NOW for a slight grouse about the actions of these organizations, the A.A. and the R.A.C. I do not think that their opposition to radar speed measuring devices is wholly wise. It has been clear for years that the only kind of speed limit which might have a direct relation to danger would be one applied on a short base. Thus, if the speed of a vehicle could be measured as it approached—for instance—a blind corner, some indication would be obtained of whether the vehicle was being driven care-



fully or not. Radar measuring devices can check speed on a short base. If the courts accepted their records as evidence—a thing not yet tested—they might be useful road safety tools.

I revert once more to touring abroad to give a welcome to the Michelin *French Riviera*, or as it is more correctly called, the Côte d'Azur. Michelin's merits have often been extolled, in these pages and elsewhere. This volume, which costs 12s. 6d. and can be had from the *News Chronicle* Book Department, is a very comprehensive guide. It has not only its factual information about hotels, but also details about such things as the woods in the vicinity of the places described and about the slope of the beach.

—*Oliver Stewart*

The R.A.C. suggests...

That if you have ever had that sinking feeling when the engine coughs, splutters and dies away and you realize that the petrol-tank is empty, then you need to adopt the "Daily Drill."

Every day you should check the oil level in the sump, check the water level in the radiator, check your petrol reading and check your tyre pressures.

And before travelling more than a few yards from your garage make sure your brakes are in good working order.



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DINING IN

"He on honeydew hath fed . . ."



MADAME PRUNIER has rendered great service to all gourmets and gourmands in London through her famous St. James's Street restaurant, which, like its Paris counterpart, specializes in fish and crustaceans

ONE of the things which never cease to surprise me is the very rare occasions, during the melon season, when one gets a fully ripened slice in a restaurant. So far, this summer, the only place where I have found a ripe honeydew has been at the White City restaurant. Yet choosing a melon is not difficult, even for an inexperienced person.

First, press the blossom end. If it responds to gentle pressure, you can be sure that the melon is ready to be cut and served on the day it is bought or, better perhaps, a day or so later. On no account choose a melon which is firm on its blossom end for immediate consumption. There is always, too, a slight aroma of ripeness for anyone with a keen sense of smell. (This is almost as rare as the ripe melon of the restaurant!)

The highlight of the first course of a summer meal, and in a class with smoked salmon, is a slice or two of chilled honeydew or cantaloup melon with a thin slice or two of Parma ham or Bayonne ham. Do not, however, serve a vintage wine with them because it will not do. The ham will kill it "stone dead." Perhaps a rough Italian wine? Better still, no wine at all.

ALIGHT and very refreshing "cocktail," served chilled, of course, in champagne or sundae glasses, is melon balls in a little dry white wine or ginger ale, garnished with a couple of bruised mint leaves. For the making of the balls, there is a special little metal gadget with which the flesh is scooped out. Incidentally, the same scoop cuts little balls from raw potatoes. Indeed, it is sometimes called a "potato baller." ("Tala" makes one.)

Melon Frappé is a very old favourite. Cut a good slice from the stem end and carefully remove the seeds. Pour a glass or so of port wine, Marsala or Madeira, into the melon and replace the "lid." Tie the melon in a polythene bag and chill it for two hours in the refrigerator. Spoon the melon and wine into glasses and serve at once. Or the flesh can be removed with the ball scoop, returned to the "shell," and, after being chilled, served from the melon at table, which is fun.

IMUST emphasize the importance of tying the melon in a polythene bag before chilling it, so that the aroma cannot escape. Otherwise, here is a case of a beautiful perfume becoming obnoxious—almost a stench, indeed!—and permeating all other foods inside the cabinet.

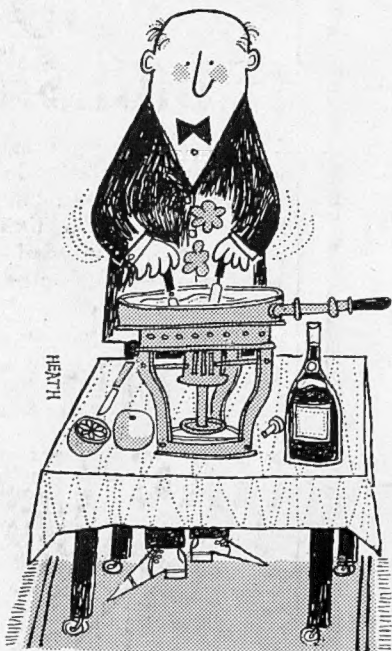
Melon, pineapple and bananas go very well together. Cut off the stem end of a melon, as above, remove the seeds and scoop out the flesh, taking care not to damage the skin. Mix together the melon pieces, cubes of pineapple and slices of banana. Sweeten a little. Return to the melon "case," add a small glass of Kirsch or Maraschino, cover with the slice first removed and chill (tied in a polythene bag) as before. Serve surrounded with crushed ice.

Melon in ginger syrup is pleasantly reminiscent of Chinese Chow-chow. Make a syrup of, say, a cup of sugar to three cups of water. Cut the peeled melon in strips and poach them in it. Remove to a dish. Boil the syrup to thicken it a little. Add the syrup from ginger in syrup, together with a few pieces of the ginger itself, cut in strips. Pour this over the melon and chill.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Corkscrews and tin-openers



WHEN I collected André Simon from his office in my car to take him out to lunch, I think perhaps he thought for some minutes that I was suffering from sunstroke, because when he asked me where we were going to eat I replied that I was not sure whether it was to be a hut at the North Pole, in a weekend cottage in Sussex, on a yacht, or an emergency meal in my flat.

In actual fact it was at the Wellington Club in Knightsbridge, but it could have been at any of the other places because although we had a five-course lunch everything came out of a bottle or a tin. This was the result of a plot hatched between the proprietor, Victor Ledger, and myself to discover just what sort of a meal we could have.

We started off with *pâté de foie gras*, which was excellent, with biscuits and butter (St. Ivel out of a tin), followed by wild game soup, which was first-class with a fine flavour, and a whole roast pheasant in Burgundy sauce which the chef had prepared in casserole form; both these produced and tinned by the famous Scottish firm of W. A. Baxter, who manufacture some remarkable specialities of great quality at their headquarters at Fochabers, Morayshire. These are distributed throughout the world, and include grouse in port wine jelly, partridge in sherry wine jelly, haggis, cellophane-wrapped and packed in a can, and a dozen or more jellies such as blackberry and wild bramble, and vintage marmalade which is matured in the wood for several years.

THE next course was asparagus out a tin, full length and retaining a remarkable firmness, coming from Italy. We then had Camembert out of a tin, much better than a hard, unripe one, which is so often served in restaurants, but not as good as a fresh one in prime condition.

The last course was peaches cured in old French brandy out of a bottle, another Baxter product, with cream out of a tin, and then marrons glacés out of a tin; even the cigars came out of tin tubes.

The wines—Chablis Laurent et Fils 1952, Rausan Segla 1937, Chambertin Louis Latour 1929, Cognac Martell 1896.

It was an interesting experiment: everything "canned or bottled."

IF this was a somewhat unusual meal so was a supper I had at a very friendly pub The Jolly Farmer, run by Tom and Lucille Davies, which overlooks Gold Hill Common and the Midsbury Valley, near Chalfont St. Peter. It consisted entirely of sandwiches, which in itself is nothing peculiar but which becomes quite extraordinary when you are presented with a list of a hundred and twenty-nine varieties from which to choose, each one as they explain in a sort of sandwich catalogue "tailormade especially for you," using only the best butter and finest quality ingredients.

My three course sandwich supper consisted of :

Dressed crab with sliced dill pickled cucumbers and hard-boiled egg:

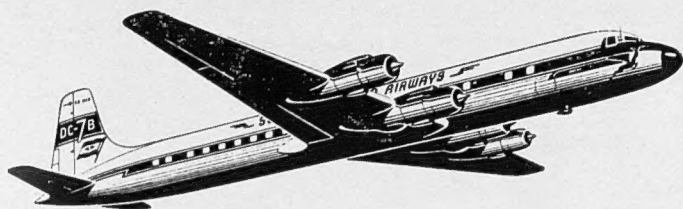
Home-cooked ham with fried egg:

Caerphilly cheese with pickled walnuts: all excellent.

There are still a hundred and twenty-six sandwiches for me to try some other time.

—I. Bickerstaff

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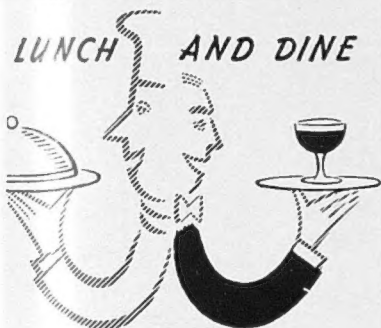
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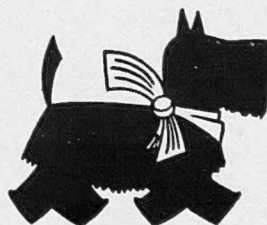
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† Thomas Moore
1779-1852